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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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OCTOBER, 1814.

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*MISS STEPHENS.*

MISS STEPHENS is the daughter of a respectable carver and gilder, who lately resided in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square: she was born on the 18th of September, 1794; and was put under the tuition of Mr. Gesualdo Lanza, in the year 1807; from whom, it is said, she received only twenty-seven lessons; but, according to Mr. L.'s statement, published in the papers of the day, "she studied the elements of singing for nearly five years; and was prepared for the stage by instructions in elocution from Mr. Wright (an occasional Lecturer and Performer)." The sweetness of her tones and the extent of her voice were first accidentally discovered. As Miss Hughes and Mr. Sinclair were performing at a private concert, the former beckoned an infantine figure, sitting in an obscure corner, near the window, and said—"Come, my love, and join us in a trio." She advanced to the piano forte, and pitching her voice, the ear of Mr. Welsh was attracted by the sweetness of her tones. The young lady became the immediate object of his enquiries; and the interest she excited, and the admiration he felt for her talents, gave rise to a reciprocity of understanding, which

terminated in her commencing a course of studies under Mr. Thomas Welsh, in September, 1812. Three years preceding this arrangement, Miss Stephens, under the assumed name of Miss Young, had sung all the celebrated airs in *Mandane*, in *Artaxerxes*; Polly, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*, with great success, in several concerts, public and private, at Bath, Bristol, Brighton, Dover, &c. She had also appeared at the Pantheon, on its being first opened, in the Italian Opera of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, of Mozart; in which, though her part was trifling, she was always encored in the Duet with Madame Bertinotti\*; the only piece repeated in the Opera. Her powers were tried, and much approved of by Signor Guglioni, the composer, for first singer at the Opera-House, in the absence of Madame Catalani; but, on account of her timidity, and insufficiency in the Italian language, the engagement was declined.

When she became the pupil of Mr. T. Welsh, she sought an engagement at Drury-lane Theatre; but the Proprietors very injudiciously offered her only an appearance. On her application to the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, she was heard, and immediately engaged. She made her first appearance in the character of *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes*, curtailed to two acts, Sept. 23rd. 1813.

It is not our intention to lavish upon the fair subject of this Memoir so much profuse applause as she has been accustomed to receive, at the expence not only of truth and justice, but of those who have had all the advantages of time and practice to foster abilities rarely known in this country. Miss Stephens is too liberal to require such incense as that a Catalani, a Dickens, or a Billington, are inferior to herself; nor will we so far detract from her merit as to treat as a miracle talents which result from a combination of good natural powers and great industry.

\* For the only Memoir yet published of this Lady, see our Museum for July, 1812.

The characteristics of Miss Stephens' singing are great sweetness of voice and neatness of execution: she addresses herself to the heart; and if her "Let not rage," or her "Soldier tired," be unequal to Mrs. Billington's style of singing those airs in volume, or power,—her "If e'er the cruel tyrant, Love," is scarcely excelled in pathos; and leaves us to presume, that she may hereafter be equal to her great exemplar.

Mr. Lanza has published an appeal, in which he lays claim to the merit of having brought Miss Stephens forward to the notice of the public; but it is foreign to our purpose, and immaterial to a gentleman so well known for skill in his profession, to take further notice of it than by referring our readers to the Journals of Feb. 1814.

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#### *A Singular Petition to a Minister of State.*

A gentleman, who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarin of his many promises, and his dilatory performance. The Cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation as minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. Mazarin's companion, not very confident in the minister's veracity, replied, "My Lord, all the favour I expect at your hands is this,—that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner." In two or three years the friend of the Cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the minister's attentions to him; and Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confident, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to persons on such slight security.

THE HEROISM  
OF  
*LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.*

(Continued from p. 152.)

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CHAP. III.

GEMINVILE was no longer master of himself; his uneasiness daily increased; and at length he disclosed his disordered mind to his kinswoman; and discovered to her his excessive partiality for Miss Nelson. I ought to have informed you sooner; you would have given me advice from which I might have profited; it is now too late; I am a prey to feelings which it is impossible to check. I know all that you can, and must oppose to me; every thing that a strong and sound intellect could suggest has been considered.—But, Geminville (interrupted Mrs. Reminval), why have you suffered yourself to be so blinded; Miss Nelson has a fortune; and is what is termed a most advantageous match. You are not ignorant, that Lenoncourt is one of those men who absolutely think of nothing but wealth; and you are well persuaded, that he will give the preference to the most opulent husband. No, madam, I do not deceive myself; I know that at this moment particularly my situation deprives me of the happiness of obtaining the hand of Miss Nelson; nevertheless, I have expectations———Expectations! a fine lure truly to offer to such a man! I repeat, you do not know persons of this description. Lenoncourt values not accomplishments, virtue, nor merit, in a husband for Stephanie; he only dwells upon the amount of his income; he sees nothing but the lustre of gold; and your conduct, I continue my frankness, will, perhaps, only serve to make Miss Nelson unhappy.—I contribute in the least to occasion the slightest pain to a woman who is a thou-



sand times dearer to me than myself? no, madam, fear not; you shall sooner see me expire at her feet. Let her enjoy her destiny; all the happiness that is due to her; and let me be the most unfortunate, the most pitiable of men! Alas! I consider her welfare alone; I exist in this adorable creature. (At these words, he was moved to tears).

Stephanie had at least the pleasure of seeing at Mrs. Reminval's all that she loved; her soul was affected with this sentiment; she dared not question herself upon the measures she ought to adopt; and remained indecisive, whether to fly from the presence of an object which every thing compelled her to renounce. In fine, Geminville could not be her husband, since her marriage entirely depended upon the choice of her uncle; and too cruel duty required that she should even avoid every opportunity that would bring Geminville to her sight. It was not, however, very easy to submit to such a tyrannical duty; and it was a great sacrifice rigorously to deprive herself of going so often to Mrs. Reminval's.

Geminville was in the most painful situation. What perturbations, what struggles he endured! He opened his distracted mind to Dorneuil; but was not in a state to hear the advice of enlightened friendship; these words only fell from his lips—My friend, whatever thou sayest, I have said to myself; yes, a thousand convincing objections are raised against a passion from which I should have had courage to extricate myself in the first instance. I have been weak enough to yield; and my heart now tyrannizes over, and torments me.—Reason, Geminville, ———— Ah! my friend, how is it possible to reason against the heart! Most certainly I ought to avoid the sight of every thing that can bring back the recollection of Miss Nelson, or preserve a thought—— What then will be my fate? What will become of me? Oh, cruel fortune! What ills thou causest! I might have been allowed to hope, Dorneuil! into what an abyss have I fallen?

Alas! the too sensible Stephanie was to be exposed to trials very difficult to endure. Lenoncourt sent to her apartment for her one morning: she attended him: he begged her to shut the door, and take a seat near him. She knew not what to expect, and endeavoured to conceal her strong emotions.

Stephanie, I have an important affair to discuss with you. (At these words, his niece's confusion increased). You are not ignorant, Stephanie; and it is useless even to remind you, that you have found in me a second father: I have all the tenderness of a father; and am attached to you by truly paternal feelings. I am in consequence continually reflecting upon your future welfare. You have attained an age at which it is necessary to think seriously of matrimony. (At these words, Stephanie was disconcerted). The time is come——— —What do you say, uncle?—Yes, my dear niece (in a tone of affection), I have found a good matrimonial connexion for you; a man well-born; at a time of life when reason can answer for good conduct; and rich. Niece, let us dwell upon this topic; remember, that wealth is a source of inappreciable advantage; and that without wealth, existence is only a burthen. In marriage, it is the first thing necessary to be considered; that which ought absolutely to be paramount to all others. I repeat, that without fortune, all is a mere chimera; trust to my experience. You do not answer. You appear not to receive my proposition with that air of contentment which I expected. Will you permit me, uncle, to implore from your tenderness a favour for which I shall be very grateful? Suffer me to reflect some time upon my change of condition; I wish to pass my life with you.—Stephanie, you are too dear to me to withstand what I am assured will make you happy. An unmarried condition occasions a number of disagreeables and inconveniences; I certainly experience satisfaction in your society; but I shall always prefer your interest to my own. I shall die contented, if

I leave you with the name of wife ; enjoying all the advantages of opulence. Come ; no more resistance to a decision———You should have resolved, sir,———Your marriage, Miss (in a merry tone) ; and it is deferred. I will immediately present you to your husband——

Lenoncourt did not conclude ; but rose, and called a domestic. You have heard me (to his niece) ; no answer. Go to your apartment ; and prepare yourself to follow my wishes ; and still once more no opposition———You know I feel for you like a father ; and ought to have all the authority of one.

The unfortunate Stephanie was thunder-struck. How ! (cried she, when she was alone, and abandoned to all the mortifying reflections that her situation presented) Is it not enough to love without a hope of seeing myself united to him who first made me know the power of love !—To marry another ! I cannot support the thought. It is impossible ! My uncle, cruel parent, who rather are my destroyer, I will not obey you. Ah ! were I to yield, should I have power to crawl to the altar, to pronounce an oath which would not be for Geminville ? Alas ! has he not all my vows, my entire soul ? Rather let me die a hundred deaths !

She ran to Mrs. Reminval's ; who knew not how to account for the disorder in which she appeared. Madam, permit me to converse with you alone in your recess———Ah ! Miss, what is the cause of this distress ? You shall know, Madam. Deign to order that no witness———

Mrs. Reminval commanded her servants not to permit any person to enter ; and afterwards, turning to Stephanie——Miss, you are obeyed ; learn me the reason of this unexpected visit. You cannot doubt how sincerely I am interested in whatever concerns you. Miss Nelson, after casting her eyes several times towards the door of the apartment, and being satisfied, that they were not overheard, said——In me, Madam, you see the most unfortunate, the most miserable of beings ! (and immediately



shed tears) How unfortunate, Miss?—The height of misfortune, doubtless, attends me!—Circumstances prevent my longer concealing from you a passion—that will cost me my life.—Are you ignorant of it? Has Mr. Geminville concealed it from you?

Stephanie entered into all the circumstances of a regard that, she confessed, she could no longer suppress.—Your relation, Madam, partakes of my sentiments and my troubles. I cannot doubt it; he unites a nobleness of soul to the most tender love; which but augments my affection; he has not dissembled, that his small patrimony forbids him, in some measure, from trusting to the hope of soliciting my hand; and I depend upon an uncle—— Learn all that oppresses my heart; is it not enough, that I am obliged to renounce the idea of seeing myself the wife of your relation? Would you believe it? My uncle has just declared to me, that it is his intention to have me married, that he has made his choice, that I have no other alternative than to submit to his will; alas! (weeping with more bitterness) I dare not say to his tyranny. I throw myself into your arms; and shed tears, as you see, that I cannot avoid. I intend to disclose every thing to my uncle; to tell him—that my heart is engaged, and consumed with a passion that will only terminate with my existence.—Stephanie, I pray you calm yourself; I am assuredly flattered by your confidence; and dare believe that I merit it; but I cannot conceal from you, if I had foreseen what I have just learnt (she judged this proof of discretion convenient, and did not reveal that her relation had reposed nearly the same confidence), I should never have permitted Geminville's visits. Doubtless, it does not become me to give encouragement to a sentiment that can only make you both unhappy. My relation has had the noble sincerity to declare to you his situation; no, Miss, he does not possess an estate that authorises him to aspire to the happiness of being your husband; it is true, he is heir to a fortune; but he has too much probity to rely



upon such pretensions as the event alone can justify. If I might advise, I should be the first to press you to conform to the wishes of your uncle. I am sorry not to flatter your sentiments: truth, honour, your own interest, demand that I should hold out this language to you; for myself, my heart is affected at your situation; but, I repeat it, I will prescribe to you a sacrifice that every thing imposes on you. Hide your tears, I conjure you.—I shall not be able, Madam; my uncle may dispose of my life; but I shall never be able so far to sacrifice myself. If I were to promise it, Madam, I should betray my word. Stephanie quitted Mrs. Reminval in a state that we will not attempt to describe; in the most profound grief; the most violent agitation.—Arrived at her uncle's, she retired to solitude.

Geminville next attended his relation.—Ah! Geminville, what have you done? caused eternal unhappiness to an unfortunate creature; and, perhaps, have hastened her passage to the tomb! Miss Nelson has just left me; she is in a state you cannot imagine. Yes; you will be the author of her death.

Mrs. Reminval related the particulars of the distressing situation in which she found Stephanie; and added “Geminville, I believe in your probity; it now concerns you to give an extraordinary proof of it, and one that is worthy of you; deny yourself coming to my house for some time.—Why should I not have the consolation of seeing her? I promise you not to speak of love; to preserve the most circumspect silence; but, Madam, let my eyes at least———Ah! Geminville, you enter into an engagement that it would be impossible to fulfil; and then—would not your presence be sufficient to feed a flame which you both ought to renounce?—What do you require, Madam?—That you should listen to honour; that you should immolate yourself for love; and this, perhaps, is the greatest proof you can give of this sentiment so imperious, in forgetting yourself, and consulting

only the advantage of Miss Nelson. You cannot, at this moment, offer her a fortune; and what is matrimony, empoisoned by the dissatisfaction and sorrow necessarily attendant upon what may be termed indigence? And the little that you now possess can hardly be rendered by any other expression. My friend, no person like me will take the liberty to expose the truth to you. Geminville, how will you have to reproach yourself, when it will be too late to repair your fault, or rather your crime! yes, you would commit a crime;—your misconduct would deserve no other name. You weep. On this occasion, you must summon all your fortitude; to impress yourself with the necessity of this sacrifice, constantly repeat, that it is not permitted, that you are expressly forbid by honour and integrity from aspiring to the hand of Miss Nelson. Ah! how much will you hereafter applaud yourself for this trait of firmness! Again, have resolution to absent yourself from a relation's who truly loves you;—be assured, that I will not lose sight of you; and that you shall frequently hear from me. Your absence will enable Stephanie to recover her wonted serenity; to answer the wishes of her uncle;—to give her hand, her heart!—Do not conclude thus, Madam,—I leave you.—Geminville! my friend! hear me.—At least, madam, you will not prevent my death!—What do you say, dear Geminville? I pray you hear me. (He rushes out.) How am I to be pitied for having received Miss Nelson at my house!

Geminville, whom his relation in vain wished to detain, really fled with precipitation; and ran to his friend. Dorneuil, I have no consolation left; the speediest death can only remedy so many ills! Wouldst thou believe it? Mrs. Reminval has forbid me the pleasure of merely seeing the adorable Stephanie; she has declared to me, that it is absolutely necessary to refrain from appearing at her house; I shall, therefore, lose all sight of an object who will always possess my heart, my first love!

Dorneuil did not leave Geminville; but bestowed upon

him the most assiduous and soothing cares and attentions; and proved how necessary a friend is in circumstances of distress. He constantly placed before him all the powerful reasons which, in some measure, command us to conquer a passion so fatal to tranquillity.

Stephanie did not discontinue her visits to Mrs. Reminval; as might be expected, her first looks sought Geminville; at length, she yielded to an impulse that overcame her. Madam, I no longer see your relation (she would have recalled her words).—Miss, I have been compelled to forbid him my house from the indispensable necessity of your not entertaining a passion that both of you must surmount.—How! shall I see him no more? (interrupted Stephanie, with an accent of feeling) It is useless, madam, to deceive yourself; all these precautions will produce no effect;—your friend will be master of my heart for ever. Judge of my feelings, when I dare allow myself to make such an avowal.

Miss Nelson separated from Mrs. Reminval; and had no sooner returned home than Lenoncourt sent for her. To-morrow, Miss, you will receive a visit from the husband that I have chosen for you. (Stephanie stood speechless). I will not recur to what I have said to you on this subject; all you can reply will be of no avail; I unquestionably understand your true interest better than you do. Yes; your marriage is determined; you will give your hand to Mr. Minbert. Leave me; oppose me no longer; go, and prepare for your change.—(Miss Nelson fell at his feet.) Would you occasion my death? Oh! uncle, I will not rise again till you have agreed to one favour; at least till I have excited, I will not say your tenderness, but your pity, to allow me a few days to reflect upon your intentions. No; I will not quit this supplicating posture, till you have granted me this one request! In the name of those paternal feelings you profess to have for me, in the name of humanity, do not refuse me this short respite.—These are vain supplications, Miss; I have only one answer to give; your



marriage is determined; and the day is fixed.—(Miss Nelson, in violent agitation, fell again at the feet of Lenoncourt) Well! know that another has vanquished this heart; that while I live another will be its possessor. Uncle, this heart is no longer mine; and you inflict upon it torments that are worse than a thousand deaths. Would the authors of my existence have treated me with so much severity?—Stephanie then exposed to him, with as much truth as warmth, all the circumstances of her unfortunate attachment. He threatened to shut her up in a convent.—I will go; I will direct thither my reluctant steps. Oh! uncle! Oh! sir, how unworthily have we both been hurried away by passion! The unfortunate Stephanie could not utter more. Lenoncourt ordered an attendant to conduct her to an apartment; and not to leave her till he himself could judge of her situation.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

M. B. \*\*\*, who attended M. \*\*\* in the embassy to Spain, during the life-time of the author (Michael de Cervantes), who died in 1618, told Segrais, an eminent French poet, that when the Ambassador one day paid a compliment to Cervantes upon the extensive reputation of his book, Cervantes said in a whisper to the Minister, that if he had not been afraid of the Inquisition, he could have made his History of Don Quixote infinitely more diverting. Cervantes was at the battle of Lepanto, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He has inserted his own history in Don Quixote. His name had reached the court of Spain; but the author was not sufficiently noticed. His first volume possessed the greatest merit; and he would have stopped there, had not the vehement entreaties of his friends urged him to continue the work, which, though inferior in its progress, has many passages stamped with original genius.



## THE GOSSIPER. No. XXXIX.

And Love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair-one's jest;  
On Earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the Turtle's nest.

GOLDSMITH.

THE words which I have selected for the motto of my present number are by many thought to possess much truth, and are acted upon accordingly. It is greatly to be regretted, notwithstanding the boasted refinement of modern times, that the sacred contract of marriage should be considered by too many as a matter of business and speculation. Not a few of the present courtships are mere pieces of acting; each party assumes a character best suited to their views; a constant deception is carried on, till Marriage finally opens the eyes of both. Hence the uneasiness and discontent so conspicuous in many couples. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that where Interest, Duplicity, and all their concomitant evils, usurp the places of Virtue, Plain-Dealing, and those generous feelings which spring from such pure sources, that want of comfort and happiness must necessarily ensue. I have been led into this train of reflection by a Letter I have lately received; and which, without further preface, I shall lay before my Readers.

## TO MR. GOSSIPER.

Sir,

As I find you are addressed by many persons, of different characters and descriptions, on various subjects, I shall take the liberty of laying my case before you. And tho', perhaps, it may be little in your power to assist me, yet my letter may possibly be of service to some of your readers.

I was, Sir, when a boy, intended for the law ; but the death of my father, who left me a comfortable fortune when I was sixteen, and having besides no taste for a sedentary life, I gave up all thoughts of entering that profession. Being fond of field sports, and liking the country, I resided, till I was of age, with a distant relation in Norfolk, to be initiated into the mystery of farming. At twenty-one, I took the cultivation of my estate into my own hands ; and resided in the family house. Living alone, I found little congenial to my disposition ; and therefore, like another Coelebs, began to look out for a wife. I soon became acquainted with the neighbouring families ; and had opportunities of dancing and conversing with a great many young ladies. Some of them were pretty ; some lively ; some more bashful and reserved ; but, however opposite their external characters and appearances seemed, yet when I could lead them into any serious conversation, I found them pretty much alike. Tho' I am by no means a deep scholar, I read a little. I frequently endeavoured to bring discussions on literary subjects forward ; but, I am sorry to say, I found few young ladies who could go beyond a novel, a play, or a poem ; it is true, indeed, some of them had a smattering of literature ; but they were complete parrots ; in short, they took no real interest in it ;—they were always glad to talk of something else ; what the fashions were, who was going to be married, the last new novel, or any other frivolous topic. Now, Sir, this, I confess, rather hurt me ; I thought how miserably many hours must be spent in a married life where the wife had no resources in herself, and could be no rational companion to her husband. I foresaw immediately that the wife must have recourse to company and amusement ; and that the husband would not esteem her, or feel any fondness for his home. I found in general that the semblance was more aimed at than the substance. Tho' my heart was assailed, and pretty forcibly too, by the charms of one or two of these

young ladies, yet the idea of a want of future domestic comfort, silenced feelings which might otherwise have induced me, at that moment, to enlist for life under the banners of Hymen. After a few months, I met with a young lady, who came to stay in our neighbourhood, with whom I was certainly pleased; she was represented as possessing considerable knowledge, and of a domestic turn; but that her modesty concealed much of her merit. Being prepossessed in her favour, I believed all that was told me; and perhaps fancied more; 'till at length I made her an offer, was accepted, and finally married. Soon after, Mr. Gossiper, (to make the matter short) began my troubles; instead of the accomplished, quiet, modest wife I expected, I found one whose natural temper was far from good; and that the modesty I so much admired was assumed; she was now under no restraint to maintain appearances; and I experienced all the uncomfortableness which must arise where a wife considers the attainment of a husband as the *summum-bonum* of her wishes; and loves the treason, tho' she may be indifferent to the traitor.

I now leave, Sir, to your discernment to discover what matrimonial comfort I can experience; I am sensible that patience and contentment are virtues which must be passed by husbands who only aim at the happiness enjoyed by

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TOUCHSTONE.

My Correspondent, Mr. Touchstone, seems to have been unfortunate. There is some justice in what he says. The attainment of a husband without regard to the man, is possibly too prevalent. This, I am inclined to think, arises entirely from education. An Advantageous Match, in a worldly view, is held out from the nursery with many as the reward of beauty and accomplishments. Such a principle tends to destroy all those more amiable feelings

which are indigenous to the female breast; it favours duplicity; and damps the happiness of that state which, if entered into from proper motives, is most productive of comfort to individuals; and of advantage to society. Was the cultivation of the mind considered as necessary as an attention to dress and superficial accomplishments among my fair countrywomen in early life, I am confident that many miseries now existing (some of them secretly) in society would be, if not entirely abolished, considerably ameliorated.

#### VERSES ON VENICE.

Sanazarius was the author of the following distichs written in praise of Venice; the inhabitants of which city were so gratified by the compliments contained in these verses, and delighted by their merit, that they made the poet a present of 6000 golden crowns for the composition.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis  
 Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari:  
 Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis, Jupiter, arces  
 Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis, ait.  
 Si Pelago Tiberim præfers, urbem aspice utramque;  
 Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand  
 Firm as a rock, and all the sea command.  
 Think'st thou, O Jove, said he, Rome's walls excell?  
 Or that proud cliff, whence false Tarpeia fell?  
 Grant Tiber best, view both; and you will say,  
 That men did those, Gods these foundations lay\*.

\* Nichols's Poems, vol. ii. p. 140.



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*MY COUSIN KATE;*

BY

A WHIMSICAL BACHELOR.

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My father was a man of considerable property in the county of Westmoreland; and being an only son, I was reared with the utmost care and indulgence. I was sent to school at a very early age; and having made due progress, completed my education at Cambridge. As my father was possessed of sufficient fortune to leave me independent, I did not devote myself to any particular profession, but cultivated the Belles Lettres with assiduity; and partook freely of all the College recreations. Among my companions, I had the character of a pleasant, sociable fellow, but somewhat starched in morality; for though I entered with avidity into any harmless frolic, I most gravely reprobated any undertaking which, in the slightest degree, offended against the laws of justice, or decorum; and as I was rather tenacious of my own opinions, they found it impossible to lead me from my determination in this respect. My education being completed, I returned to the bosom of my family; which consisted of my father and mother, one little sister, and an orphan girl, of whom I shall have occasion to make frequent mention as my Cousin Kate. Be it however understood, that though an orphan, she was amply provided for; my father was her guardian, and her fortune, on coming of age, was to be twenty thousand pounds; although, by the manner in which she was domesticated in my father's house, no one would have suspected that she was an heiress. I had always been accustomed to treat her with the familiarity of a sister; and was not a little surprised, when I returned from College, to perceive a distant coolness in her manner, which indicated, as I thought, either that I had offended her, or that she considered me unworthy of her esteem.

Unconscious how I had offended, I felt piqued in turn; which, my mother perceiving, questioned me on the subject. I frankly explained my thoughts to her; at which she appeared highly delighted.—“And so you are offended, my poor pet?” said she, tapping me on the shoulder. “Why this is exactly as it should be.” This was a new mystery to me; and I looked remarkably foolish, I am certain. Perceiving that I did not comprehend her, she resumed—“Why, my dear, you are a sad simpleton to think your Cousin Kate dislikes you; I am happy to assure you, it is quite the reverse: it has been ever your father’s wish to see you united; he has sounded her sentiments; and finds them such as he could wish; her knowledge that you are soon to appear in the character of a declared lover has made her thus timid and reserved.” “She might have spared herself any apprehensions of that nature,” said I, somewhat sarcastically; “I have no intention of paying court to her, I am sure; I should as soon think of marrying my grandmother as Cousin Kate.” “Why the boy is mad, I believe,” cried my mother impatiently, “what objection can you possibly have?” “A thousand.” “Name a few of them, pray, Sir; I will not fatigue you to enumerate the whole.” “She is ugly; awkward; uninformed; ill tempered; and a perfect dowdy.” Astonishing! cried my mother; I never heard a word of this before; you always appeared extremely partial to her.” “And so I was as a playfellow and a relation; but when you talk to me of her as a wife, I instantly recollect all her deficiencies and imperfections.” “And are you serious in this assertion?” “Perfectly so, I can assure you. The standard of excellence that I look for in a wife will never be applied to my Cousin Kate.” “Upon my word, sir, you talk highly;—and must have a very exalted idea of your own merits and attractions; but let me tell you, that your Cousin Kate is worth any man’s notice, independent of her fortune. Her pleasing expressive countenance, you call ugly; her modest diffidence,

you call awkwardness ; because she prefers domestic habits and occupations to an ostentatious display of accomplishments, you call her uninformed ; and because she dresses with neatness and simplicity, you term her a dowdy ; as to her temper, I can say with truth that it is as gentle as woman's should be." " Well, my dear mother, we will not quarrel about names, things are the same, though you and I designate them differently ; and, notwithstanding your prejudice in her favour, I must make free to tell you, that I cannot marry my Cousin Kate ; so I hope I shall not be persecuted on the subject." " It will vex your father very much, if you do not." " I am sorry for that ; but it would vex me much more, if I did." " Perverse boy, you are blind to your own advantage." And my mother actually left the room with tears in her eyes.

My father attacked me next ; and I answered him pretty nearly in the same manner. At length, finding I was resolute, he thus addressed me. " Well, sir ; it is true, I cannot force you to marry her, neither would I do such an injury to an amiable girl as to devote her to a man insensible of her worth ; but, for her peace of mind, it is unfortunately necessary that you should not remain under the same roof ; and as her father bequeathed her to my guardianship, under the express condition that she should reside with me till she made an eligible choice, you must, of necessity, remove ; and to convince you that I do not act from caprice in this instance, I will lay no restrictions whatever upon you ; choose your own residence ; your allowance shall be sufficient to support you as a gentleman ; and when you meet with a lady who answers your high-raised expectations of perfection, I have no objection to receive her as a daughter ; all I require from you is mature deliberation, and the full exercise of your unprejudiced judgement." To this liberal proposal, I gave a respectful acquiescence ; and when next I met my Cousin Kate, it was with the most perfect unconcern on my side ; on her's a renewal of our former cordiality. I was, indeed, quite



satisfied with the propriety of her conduct on the occasion, as she neither displayed resentment at my rejection of her proffered hand, nor impertinent levity at the prospect of my departure. As soon as every thing was properly arranged, I took leave of my parents, and repaired to London, accompanied by a young gentleman, the son of a neighbour with whom I had been in habits of intimacy from childhood; his society was of particular advantage to me, as his connexions in town were persons of the highest respectability; and through his introduction I was sure to be admitted into the best company.

Behold me now in London; not absolutely resolved to select a wife from the circles I might frequent, but determined to be an attentive observer of the fair sex, and to act honourably by the lady who might obtain my preference. With a good stock of easy assurance, a tolerable person, and moving in a fashionable sphere, it may be supposed, I was not thrown much into the back ground. The first lady who attracted my notice was the beautiful daughter of a city merchant; I had heard the charms of Miss Mornington extolled before I had the happiness of being introduced to her; and the first interview convinced me that the report was not exaggerated. I must confess that I was instantly struck, and paid her such pointed attention, that my views could not be mistaken. I was in consequence admitted to a more intimate footing in the family; and became the lady's constant escort to all public places; but I soon found that an excessive love of admiration superseded every other sentiment in the breast of the fair Letitia; to see herself the magnet of attraction was her sole aim; and her graces, like those of an actress, were all put on for public exhibition;—at home, she was languid, peevish, and slovenly. The most trivial disappointment of an expected pleasure would throw her into a fit of the sullen; and her irritability occasioned her sometimes to be downright abusive. Mentioning this to my friend, Harcourt, I could not help observing, that “even



my Cousin Kate was not so ill tempered." "Neither is she so handsome," was his significant reply. In spite of her beauty, however, I determined not to carry the matter any further; and accordingly made my bow as soon as possible.

Chance soon threw me in the company of a most agreeable girl, the *protégée* of a lady of rank; her manners and conversation enchanted me; and though her personal attractions were not conspicuous, she was too pleasing to be long overlooked; upon a more intimate acquaintance, I found, however, that she possessed a cold, unfeeling disposition; her parents, who were in indigent circumstances, she treated with scorn and ridicule; and being exalted by the whim of a woman of fashion to a sphere her birth did not entitle her to move in, her little head grew giddy with pride and self-importance: she acquired under her patroness a few superficial accomplishments, could converse with flippancy on every-day topics, but, of any more important subject, she was wholly ignorant; her conversation to-day was a mere repetition of what she said yesterday; and any thing beyond the merits of a new actress, or a new novel, she was totally incapable of discussing. "Upon my word, Harcourt," said I, after the fourth interview, "this girl is even more uninformed than my Cousin Kate." He laughed heartily at my remark; and assured me, if I was so fastidious, I should certainly remain a bachelor. "With all my heart," said I, "if women prove to be such mere automatons; but I am not yet discouraged." "Well then," said he, "I will introduce you to a young lady who, though possessed of considerable property, is considered a pattern of prudence, economy, and domestic virtues." "By whom, pray?" "By her parents and neighbours." "Oh! that must be sufficient."

On the following day, I paid my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson; and was most favourably received as the friend of Mr. Harcourt; the young lady was not visible, but I heard sufficient from the father and mother in praise

of their matchless daughter to make me curious to see such a prodigy; and fortunately received an invitation to spend the following evening in Finsbury-Square. We were punctual to the appointment; and arrived at the house, I believe, rather sooner than we were expected; for we found a coarse, clumsy girl dusting the china, and taking the covering from the drawing-room chairs; and so busily was she engaged, that she did not for a few moments perceive our entrance. "You see," said Mr. Lawson, "our girl is not like some modern fine ladies; she never trusts these things to servants; but, Hetty, my dear, you should have done this sooner; here is Mr. Harcourt and his friend, Mr. Ellmore." "Dear, dear papa," exclaimed Miss Hester, "how could you bring the gentlemen up in this abrupt way. I declare I am quite ashamed to be seen." I was speechless; but Harcourt, with great presence of mind, begged her not to let our intrusion disconcert her; assuring her "that his friend was a great admirer of what is vulgarly termed notability; but which he more properly called a laudable attention to domestic duties." Thus reconciled, Miss Lawson took a seat, and gave me an opportunity of surveying her person: she was certainly more than pretty; but her countenance and features had a vulgar cast; and, although I found no expence had been spared on her education, there was an evident want of intellect, a total deficiency of refinement, that could not fail to disgust a person accustomed to well-bred society; and I quitted the presence of this awkward Miss with an impression of disgust which I did not attempt to conceal from him. "I thought my Cousin Kate awkward," said I; "but she is elegance itself compared with this girl, whose domestic economy seems to me nothing but the mere practice of habitual drudgery, arising from the original meanness of her station in life." "Perhaps you are right," observed Harcourt. "I did not expect you to be captivated with Miss Lawson; I merely wished to shew you a little variety. To-morrow,

I will introduce you to one against whom you can urge none of these objections; but I see there is a Masquerade at Lady B——'s, and I have tickets at home, though it quite escaped my memory: we have plenty of time to dress, and go, if you are inclined."

*(To be continued.)*

#### ANECDOTES OF MALHERBE\*.


When some persons in the company of the poet were speaking in admiration of some noble families, and their ancient unspotted genealogies—"One luxurious woman," says Malherbe briskly, "can contaminate the blood of Charlemagne." In speaking of the vices of mankind, he observed, when there were only four persons upon the earth, one brother slew the other.—Though no poet of his time had so much honour paid to him as Malherbe for his genius, he was not elated by the praises bestowed on him or his art. "A good poet," he used to say, "is of no more use to a state than a good player at nine-pins."—"The best touchstone by which the merit of verses can be tried," says Malherbe, "is when people begin to learn them by heart." Malherbe, at a very advanced age, challenged a young man who had killed his son in a duel. His friends represented to him the rashness of his conduct, as he was then so old. "For that very reason," says Malherbe, "I will have my revenge; I hazard only a sous against a pistole."

\* Francis de Malherbe was born at Caen in 1555, of an ancient and illustrious family, who had formerly borne arms in England under Robert, Duke of Normandy. Malherbe was considered in his time not only as the best poet, but the ablest critic. He was entreated by his friends and admirers to publish a Grammar; but they could not prevail on him. His works were published by M. Menage in 1666, at Paris. They consist of paraphrases on the psalms, sonnets, odes, and epigrams, in one volume. This edition is enriched with notes.



### CHIVALRY.

The institution of Chivalry had the most imposing end, that of defending oppressed weakness. The anarchy and plundering that occasioned in Europe the division of the vast empire of Charlemagne changed the possessors of every fief to so many petty sovereigns, who inured themselves to war, and infested the roads. The least castle, and the straitest fortress, were formidable: soldiers sallied forth, who plundered the merchants, and carried off the women. Several lords, in the tenth century, leagued to protect the public tranquillity; and particularly to defend the fair sex: they were called their knights. Gallantry happened to unite itself to this useful establishment: the support that it offered to beauty placed its defenders at its feet. Every knight wished to have *his Lady*. His only oath was by God and his Mistress; he fought, armed only by her hands, and decked with her colours; he endeavoured to render himself worthy of her by his exploits. No doubt, this institution had its ridiculous characters, who exaggerated their exploits, and passed the bounds of sense and reason; thus great boasting was often blended with courage; and servile submission with love; comedy was supplied with many pleasant scenes; and Europe inundated with long romances, which the author of *Don Quixote* has justly ridiculed; but it produced great men; and caused many noble deeds to be done. In fine, it served morality in softening the austerity of valour by the adoration of delicate love; in inspiring every breast with a more exalted sensibility, and a more ardent zeal for the oppressed; and the imagination will always be pleased with the picture of its ciphers, its ribands, and its devices, which, in their combats, ornamented all the armours; and by the pomp of its tournaments and feasts, in which valour and address were displayed before an assembly of women shining in dress and beauty. Crosses and Cordons made Chivalry fall without filling its place.





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**ANECDOTES**

OF

**INTERESTING FEMALES,**

*Who signalized themselves by their **ASTONISHING FORTITUDE, INDEFATIGABLE PERSEVERANCE,** and **INVIOLEABLE LOVE and FIDELITY** to their **HUSBANDS, LOVERS,** and **FRIENDS,** during the **FRENCH REVOLUTION.***

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WE cannot think without being affected, and without gratitude, of the courageous attachment, and indefatigable perseverance, shewn by the Women in general, at the epoch of Terror in France, for the proscribed to whom they were attached by the ties of nature, affection, or marriage. At first, nearly sixteen hundred presented a petition to the Convention in their favour. Afterwards, in all the towns where they imprisoned, or put to death, there were no dangers that the women did not brave, no solicitations that they did not make, no sacrifices that they did not impose on themselves, to save, or to see, and console the objects of their affections; and more than once, when they could not obtain their liberty, nor protect them, they voluntarily shared their captivity and their death. It would have been gratifying to have paid homage to all these heroines, by recalling their names and the memorials of their magnanimity, had they not been innumerable; we have therefore collected some of them\*; which will be sufficient to attest the truth of what we have said; and the goodness of these consoling angels, who, in days of crime, supplied the place of Providence.

\* In the narration of these facts, the Bourbe, the Conciergerie, the Plessis, the Luxembourg, the Abbey, the Sevres-street, and Port-libre, were names of houses of arrest in Paris,

## MADAME LEFORT,

In one of the departments of the West, trembled for her husband, imprisoned as a conspirator. She purchased permission to see him. In the evening, she flew to him with double garments: she prevailed upon him to exchange clothes with her; and thus disguised to go out of the prison; and leave her there. The project succeeded; and her husband escaped. The next day, it was discovered that his wife had taken his place. The representative said to her in a menacing tone—*Wretched woman, what have you done?* *My duty*, replied she, *do your's.*

*Another Instance of Magnanimity in a Wife.*

A similar stratagem happened at Lyons, when this valiant city, compelled to submit to its conquerors, became the theatre of the most barbarous executions. One of the inhabitants was to be seized: his wife learnt it; she hastened to inform him; gave him her money and jewels, compelled him to go away, and put on the clothes of her threatened husband. The murderers came, and asked for him; his wife, dressed like him, presented herself; and they conducted her to the committee. The error was soon discovered. They interrogated her about her husband. She answered, that she had been the cause of his flying; and that she was proud of having exposed herself to save his life. They threatened her with death, if she did not reveal the road that he had taken. *Strike when you please*, answered she; *I am ready.* They added, that the interest of the country commanded her to speak. She cried out—*The country commands not to outrage nature.*

## MADAME REGNARD.

Some of Robespierre's agents were sent to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre to seize upon M. Regnard, late mayor of that town. They accused him of having been too respectful to the king, returning from Varennes, whom he was prescribed by his situation to receive. His wife

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endeavoured to justify him before the commissaries; but, believing that she read in their looks the certain death of her husband, she went in despair to her apartment, deposited all that she had valuable about her, ran to the end of her garden, which fronted the Marne, and threw herself headlong into the river. Till he had been conveyed to the Luxembourg, M. Regnard did not learn the deplorable end of a wife who, from her sense and attachment, merited his regret.

Paris, like the departments, saw prodigies of conjugal tenderness.

#### MADAME LAVALETTE,

Detained at the Bourbe with her husband, being informed that he submitted to the tribunal, ran towards him, hung upon his neck, twined her legs in his, and implored the turnkey to let them die together; but this sad favour was denied her.

#### MADAME DAVAUX

Obtained it: her husband, formerly lieutenant-general of the presidial of Riom, had been arrested in that town, and was to be transferred to the Conciergerie. He was oppressed with age and infirmities. Madame Davaux foresaw the fate which awaited him, and wished to partake in the bloody sacrifice. There was no mandate of arrest against her; and, free, she threw herself into the vehicle which was conducting the prisoners of the departments to Paris. On their arrival, she was shut up just like them; and perished some months after, upon a scaffold, by the side of her husband, whom she held in her embrace.

#### MADAME LAVERGNE,

Wife of the commanding officer of Longwy, raised her voice in his favour before the revolutionary tribunal, when he was interrogated concerning the surrender of this place. Vain effort! his sentence was pronounced in her hearing.

Despair took possession of her soul; to utter the cry of *Vive le Roi* was sufficient to be immolated; and she made the hall resound with it. In vain the judges wished to regard her as deranged; she persisted in repeating this cry, favourable to her determination, till she had brought upon herself her own condemnation.

#### MADAME ROWLAND,

Wife of the Minister, defended him at the bar of the Convention with as much firmness as eloquence. Being arrested, and no longer able to serve him, she bequeathed him the example of meeting death with intrepidity, by the serenity with which she marched to the scaffold.

#### MADAME CLEVIERE\*,

Wife of another republican minister, exposed herself twenty times, after the 31st of May, to being arrested, by the steps that she took for her detained husband. He disdained to appear before the tribunal of blood, where his enemies expected him; and plunged a knife into his heart, after pronouncing these verses of Voltaire—

Les criminels tremblants sont trainés au supplice;  
Les mortels généreux disposent de leur sort.

Madame Claviere received this intelligence; she put her affairs in order, consoled her children, and killed herself with the tranquillity of Socrates.

They lodged in the Plessis some unfortunate men, conducted to Paris to be judged. One of them had a young and handsome wife, who had not been separated from him. As she was walking in the court with the other prisoners, her husband was called to the wicket; she had a presentiment that this was the signal of his ruin; and she wished to follow him. The jailor opposed her; but, maddened by her grief, she suddenly forced her way through every obstacle, threw herself into her husband's arms;

\* Extracted from an excellent pamphlet of M. Riouffe, entitled—*Les Mémoires d'un détenu*.



and clung to him to have, at least, the sad sorrow of sharing his fate. Some guards separated them. *Barbarians*, said she to them, *you cannot prevent my death*. At the same time, she rushed upon the iron door of the prison, fractured her head, and fell expiring.

#### MADAME DE MOUCHY.

The Maréchal de Mouchy had been conducted to the Luxembourg: no sooner had he entered the prison, than his wife followed him. It was represented to her that she was not mentioned in the deed of arrest. She answered—*Since my husband is arrested, I am also arrested*. He removed to the revolutionary tribunal; she accompanied him. The public accuser informed her that she had not been ordered to come; she answered—*Since my husband is cited to appear; I am also*. At last he received sentence of death; she ascended the bloody cart with him. The executioner told her, that she was not condemned.—*Since my husband is condemned, I am also condemned*. Such was her only answer.

(*To be continued.*)

#### A LUDICROUS STORY.

The question has frequently been asked, whether painters should represent the persons who sit to them adorned with more charms than they really possess? The following anecdote may serve as an answer. A young man in a distant province received the picture of the lady whom his friends had destined for his future wife. Struck with the beauties which the portrait presented to his eyes, he hastened immediately to London, to see the enchanting original. Finding his mistress void of every grace, and, in short, frightful, he wished to withdraw his pretensions. The parents of the lady became indignant, and pressed him to the performance of his promise. "I will marry the picture which you sent me with all my heart," replied the disappointed swain.

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*THE FATHER; A TALE.*

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DORIGNY, who had once held a distinguished rank at Court, in the reign of Louis XIV. in consequence of some political intrigues, resigned his post, and retired with honour to comparative obscurity, but certain tranquillity, in the bosom of his family. His wife was a woman of most exemplary character; and beneath her fostering care, the children of Dorigny imbibed early sentiments of virtue: their love for their mother was unbounded, while that they bore towards their father, if not less enthusiastic, was, however, mingled with a degree of awe, which his occasional austerity naturally gave rise to. Dorigny, though a most tender and affectionate parent, possessed not that equanimity of temper which so eminently distinguished his amiable partner; and political cabals had tended to increase the habitual petulance which too frequently threw a gloom over their domestic comfort. Dorigny was, in fact, ambitious; and could ill brook this unexpected change in his prospects; therefore, while he sacrificed to principle his views for the aggrandizement of his children, it was a sacrifice which cost him many a murmur of discontent; and, like many who wish to conceal the real object of dissatisfaction, his splenetic humour vented itself on trifles which, however remote they might appear, were in any degree connected with the cause of his secret discontent.

Theodore, his eldest son, was about eighteen years of age, when chance threw in his way the lovely Lauretta, the only child of the venerable Claude Luneville, an honest, but indigent peasant in the neighbourhood of Dorigny's residence. Conscious that it was a connection which his father would not approve, Theodore had concealed his attachment from his knowledge; but ever accustomed to repose the fullest confidence in his mother,

he hesitated not to make her acquainted with his hopes and fears on this interesting subject; and besought her to use her influence in his favour. Madame Dorigny was surprised, and grieved, at the discovery; and for some time vainly endeavoured to check a growing passion which, she had every reason to apprehend, would be productive of much unhappiness to all parties; but she saw, to her infinite regret, that opposition served only to fan the flame; and that although persuaded by her maternal prudence, Theodore endeavoured to obey her injunctions, the painful struggle between inclination and duty undermined both his health and spirits, and rather than risk the loss of a son so tenderly beloved, she determined to reveal at once to his father the dangerous secret. Dorigny, as they expected, was vehement in his displeasure, and, in the heat of resentment, declared, that if he even beheld his son on his death-bed, he would not consent to an alliance so degrading. "Am I not sufficiently humbled," he exclaimed, "that my child, the son in whom all my hopes and wishes centered, should seek to debase me thus? Never, Jaqueline, let me hear the detested subject again." "But, Dorigny, my dear friend, if you knew the sweet girl, I am sure the error of our boy would not seem so great in your eyes: she is not rich, nor of high birth, I grant; but she is neither vulgar, nor ignorant; her father, though a peasant, is a man of worth and integrity; and his daughter is all that the proudest parent could wish to see his child———" "What romantic nonsense!" cried Dorigny, "do you too, Jaqueline, uphold this mad boy in his folly?" For shame! you have not a mother's pride." "But I have a mother's tenderness," returned Madame Dorigny; and although our Theodore might, perhaps, form a higher alliance, I am not certain that it would be a happier one. Remember, Dorigny, we were opposed by our parents, yet we have lived happily together." "But remember, Jaqueline, we did not marry without the consent of our parents; and often have I

heard you say you could not have been happy, even with me, had the curse of a father attended your union." Madame Dorigny shuddered. "It is true," she sighed; "but you would not surely curse our child." "Let him beware; for, in a moment of provocation, I know not what I might do; so now, and for ever, let the subject drop."

He spoke this so sternly, that Madame Dorigny dared not venture to disobey the injunction; but her alarm was extreme; and fearful that Theodore might be so imprudent as to marry Lauretta, even in defiance of his father's prohibition, she hastened to the cottage where she dwelt, and related to the astonished father all that had passed. Luneville heard her with the deepest concern. "Far be it from me, Madame," said he, "to wish such a degradation to your noble house; my girl, virtuous and amiable as she is, is not, I well know, a suitable match for your son; I trust, and believe, she would not commit an action so unworthy as to obtrude herself, unsanctioned, on your family; but who can answer for the headstrong passions of youth?" "True," answered Madame, with a sigh; "prevention, however, may be in our power; and if you are sincere in your assertion, you will not hesitate to adopt the plan I shall take the liberty of proposing; say then, my friend, have you any objection to remove from this place?" "I have lived here many years," returned the old man, mournfully, "and am attached to every surrounding object; my wife too, I fear, would with difficulty be prevailed on to abandon a spot where she has passed so many happy years; but sooner than be the cause of bringing sorrow and dissension into a worthy family, it shall be done, though indeed I know not where, at our time of life, we could find a comfortable settlement, even if our means were not so limited as they really are." "Be that my care," replied Madame Dorigny. "If, in compliance with my wish, you remove from this pleasant spot, I will take care to find one where you may enjoy comforts such as your age require; and perhaps greater



than those you now enjoy." "But, my girl," said the old man, with a heavy sigh, ——— "She will repine a little at first, no doubt," returned Madame Dorigny; "but she is young; and first impressions frequently wear off easier than might be expected. I sincerely hope we shall find it so with both these young people."

Madame Dorigny argued more according to her wishes than her expectations in this respect; but she had a painful duty to perform, and acquitted herself in the best manner possible.

Luneville succeeded in persuading his wife to the measure; and Madame had only to inform her husband of the arrangement. "You have acted wisely, Jaqueline," said he; "nothing could have been better planned; I will give Luneville my farm at D——; it will be a little fortune for him; he will soon save enough to portion off his daughter to some respectable young man. Yes, yes; you have managed this business well." "In the satisfaction expressed by her husband, Madame Dorigny found consolation for the regret she felt at afflicting her dear Theodore; and every thing was managed with so much circumspection, that he knew nothing of the loss he was about to sustain; no sooner, however, was the departure of Luneville and his family known to him than he flew to his mother, and poured forth the effusions of anguish in her maternal bosom; accusing his father of cruelty and injustice in terms of the bitterest indignation. Madame suffered the first ebullitions of disappointment to subside; and then addressed him in the calm tone of reason and expostulation; assured him it was she herself had planned and effected the measure he complained of, and exhorted him to bear with fortitude the first proof of what he might deem unkindness he had ever experienced from them. In short, she appealed so energetically to his feelings, to his reason, and to his filial piety, that the subdued Theodore promised, for her sake, to bear with becoming submission what he could not but consider an

act of oppression and injustice. It was not, however, in the noble nature of this young man to be vindictive; he was convinced that his parents acted from a mistaken notion of his advantage; and while his attachment remained unshaken, he suffered not the deprivation of the object to interfere with the sacred duty he owed his natural protectors. Time weakened the poignancy of his affliction; but did not banish Lauretta from his thoughts; although hope had long ceased to cheer him with her smiles. Lauretta was as one dead to him, he knew not in what part of the world she was concealed from him, even his ears were strangers to her name.

It happened a few months after this event, that some family affairs called Dorigny several miles from home; he was absent above a week; and, at his return, appeared more than usually gloomy. To divert him, Adelaide, his youngest daughter, began to tell him all their little domestic affairs during his absence. "You must come, and see the green-house in the morning, papa; you cannot think how beautiful all the plants are now, most of them are in full bloom and fragrance; you will be quite delighted to see what care I have taken of all your favourites." Dorigny was a botanist, and it was, in fact, his hobby-horse, and he prided himself not a little on having the finest collection in the country. "Do you know, Adelaide, said he, with a forced smile, "that I am very much vexed; it is foolish, I grant, to let such a trifling thing discompose me; but I had set my mind upon it." "Upon what, papa?" "An aloe, child; the finest aloe I ever saw in my life; and just going to blow." "Why did you not purchase it, sir?" asked Theodore. "That is what I am vexed at," returned Dorigny. "The man said Count Erstang had promised him five guineas for it; and I thought it would be folly to give more; yet all the way home I have regretted that I did not." Count Erstang was his successor in the department he had filled; and was in consequence the object of his secret dislike,

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which made him the more dissatisfied that he had not outbid him. Madame Dorigny tried to rally her husband out of his chagrin, and at length succeeded; but still, whenever he paid a visit to the garden, or green-house, a gloom would overcast his features; and, in a suppressed voice, he would murmur—"I wish I had that aloe." None of his family suspected the real motive of his wish; though they were surprised at the constant expression of it; but their thoughts were soon called off from the subject by a circumstance of more importance. Theodore, who had for some time past appeared to be recovering his wonted cheerfulness; and readily joined in the amusements of his brothers and sisters, accompanying them on their pleasurable excursions, and promoting their diversion by every means in his power, suddenly became melancholy, and reserved. When they went into public, he chose to remain at home; he shut himself up in his room for hours together; and Adelaide, who slept in the next apartment, declared she often heard him walking about in the middle of the night; an assertion which was confirmed by the heaviness of his eyes in the morning; but when questioned on the subject, he, contrary to his usual custom, preserved an obstinate silence. Madame Dorigny, on taking particular notice of him, one morning observed that his fingers were marked with ink; and the idea instantly struck her that he had discovered the residence of Lauretta, and had entered upon a correspondence with her; a suspicion that occasioned her the greatest anxiety, although she would not venture to hint her surmises.

An approaching festival was at hand, the birth day of Mr. Dorigny, upon which occasion it was customary for the young people to evince their respect and love for their parent by some little complimentary offering, upon which their taste and ingenuity were severally exercised; however, and for the first time in his life, Theodore seemed determined not to offer any testimony

of his affection. Madame Dorigny was grieved, his sisters were surprised, and general was the consternation, when, three days previous to the festival, Theodore was missing, had absented himself from the paternal roof without assigning any reason, or leaving any memorial behind him. Dorigny was even more afflicted than enraged upon this occasion; for he had begun to entertain hopes, that his son was getting the better of his unfortunate attachment; a hope which now appeared utterly fallacious; and, in addition to his own secret chagrin, he had to comfort and console his distressed wife. All preparations for their little jubilee were, of course, suspended. Happily, however, their suspense and anxiety were soon terminated; for on the morning of his father's birth-day, Theodore returned; he came in by the back-way of the house, and astonished them all by his sudden and unhopèd-for presence. Madame Dorigny started from her seat, and threw her arms around him. "Thank heaven! you are returned, my Theodore; but you look pale, my child, and harrassed; how could you cause us so much alarm?" "Where have you been, sir?" asked his father, with a stern brow. "That is a question," my dear father, replied Theodore respectfully, "that I do not wish to answer *to-day*; to-morrow I will be more explicit." "It matters very little on what day you communicate unpleasant intelligence," returned Dorigny suddenly. "But to-day is your birth-day, sir; indeed you must not press me on the subject now. Adelaide, how goes on the little Drama you were getting up?" "Ah! brother, we relinquished all thoughts of it. Jaqueline, and Julian, and I, had learnt our parts quite perfect; but you did not seem to pay any attention to your's; and then, as you went away from us, and we thought you were not coming back, we were all too unhappy to go on with our preparations." "How silly, Adelaide, to suppose I would be absent on *this day*!" and he cast an affectionate glance towards his parents; "but I can tell you I am

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as perfect in my part as any of you; and so, as you have been idle, I must take upon myself the management of the whole;" and he hurried away, eager to avoid any further enquiry, or animadversion. "Come, my dear," said Madame Dorigny to her husband, "do not let any unpleasant surmises cast a gloom over this day, which has hitherto been always spent in social enjoyment. I do not think our Theodore has been committing any flagrant act of disobedience; he appears too tranquil and serene; to-morrow, I trust, he will explain himself to your satisfaction." "I fear not," returned Dorigny, shaking his head; "but, to oblige you, I will pass over in silence his extraordinary conduct, for this day at least."

*(To be continued.)*

#### LOVE, A MALADY OF THE BODY.

Love is not only a passion of the human mind, as hatred and envy are, but also a disease, which affects the body as a fever does. This opinion is not simply a supposition, but is founded in experience. A person of high fashion and well-known character, who had contracted a most ardent attachment to a lady of great merit and accomplishments, was obliged to leave his country, and join his regiment abroad. His affection, during his absence, was kept alive by a warm and constant course of correspondence with his mistress; till at the end of the campaign a most dangerous illness threatened him with death. In process of time, he recovered his former state of health; but no longer retained the passion he had so long nourished in his bosom. The violent regimen, which his disorder had compelled him to use, had, without his being conscious of the change in his mind, totally eradicated the affection to his mistress. He paid the lady a visit immediately on his return to his country; and found, to his surprise, her conversation indifferent to him, and her person uninteresting.

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**AGNES ADDISON;****A SIMPLE TALE;****BY ORA.**

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*(Continued from page 162.)*

MR. MANDEVILLE was an Englishman; he had lost his parents when a child, and became master of a large estate at a very early age; his passions were naturally of the most violent kind, and had never met with the least check from himself or from others; they led him as they would, and completely controuled his actions. He continued for several years to spend every farthing he could possibly raise; and sold part, and mortgaged the rest, of his estate. On the brink of ruin, he saved himself by marrying a beautiful and amiable young creature, with a large fortune; whom he sent to the grave with a broken heart in less than three years; and dashed away on her fortune as long as it lasted. He had proceeded from one vice and extravagance to another, till there was hardly any thing mean, or even criminal, that he would not commit. When reduced to his last shilling, he had recourse to the gaming-table; and for some time was tolerably successful, till his nefarious practices were detected, and compelled him to absent himself. Being driven to extremity, he had the meanness to prey upon his sister, whose fortune, compared with his own, was inconsiderable; though it had been greatly augmented at the death of an aunt, under whose guardianship she was placed; and her circumstances were improved by her marriage to a worthy young man, of a most respectable family, of Orkney; who had the prospect of inheriting a large estate. Mr. Mandeville lived with them some time; and contrived to draw large sums from his sister's affection which her prudence would have withheld. At last, wearied out by his shameless extravagance, she ventured to deny him; and soon after,

Mr. Thomson and herself went to Orkney; where Gilbert and Sibelia had been born.

Mr. Mandeville was again left to himself;—but he had a fertile head, and soon entangled a wealthy young widow; whom he found, when he had so far committed himself as not to be able to recede, to be as cunning as himself; for she surrendered to him her hand and heart, but took care to keep her fortune to herself. Mr. Mandeville allowed Mrs. Mandeville to figure away for some time; and then, from pique, carried her to an old solitary country seat, where, in the course of twelve months, she followed her ill-fated, but more deserving predecessor, and left him the whole of her fortune.

Mr. Mandeville did not love his first wife; and detested his second; her extravagance had cut him to the soul; it was robbing him of his prey; and it gave a new turn to his character; from a prodigal, he became a miser; sold off his deceased lady's houses and furniture to the best advantage; and went to Orkney, where he expected to subsist at a cheaper rate. He found his brother-in-law, who was, in other respects, a man of sense and virtue, wasting his health and income in unnecessary expences, to gratify the ridiculous vanity of keeping up an equal appearance with some of his brother lairds, of double his fortune. His amiable wife stemmed this torrent of folly as long as she was able; but finding her entreaties vain, she at last, with a breaking heart, desisted.

Mr. Mandeville encouraged his brother in his extravagance, supplied him with sums of money, which he advanced on a mortgage of his landed property for a third part of its value; at length the full career of folly was run; Mr. Thomson's eyes were opened; he saw his wife hastening to the grave; his fortune wasted to the last shilling; and his innocent children reduced to beggary. It is next to impossible for any one to have an idea of his feelings who has not been in a similar situation. He retired to one of his own houses, lately sold to his brother-in-law; on which he could not now claim a foot of ground,

and paid him an extravagant rent for it, during the short time it was in his possession. His wife soon found a refuge for her sorrows in the grave; and to the same narrow mansion he was a few weeks after conveyed.

In the last agonies of death, they consigned their children to Mr. Mandeville's care. He at first treated them with the utmost indifference; but, from mere habit, he began to feel something like affection for them; particularly for Gilbert; and to form schemes in his own mind for their future aggrandizement; this in time increased so much upon him, that to hoard up riches for them, and flatter himself with the hope of seeing them the first in the Orkneys, became his greatest pleasure; if they were rich and powerful, he cared not whether they were virtuous and accomplished, or not; the little education they had received was partly accidental; never were human beings born with dispositions so replete with gentleness and goodness! and though the unfortunate situation in which they were placed had obscured the lustre of their virtues, it had not been able to destroy them.

The richest and most powerful of the Orkney lairds was a young man, who was entirely master of himself and fortune; between him and Sibelia, he was determined, if possible, to bring about a match; when Hamilton's arrival on the island had nearly destroyed all his fine-spun schemes; and driven him to desperation.

Soon after Hamilton had declared his love for Sibelia, he wrote an anonymous letter to his father, which acquainted him that his son was entering into a most disgraceful connexion. The old gentleman's greatest failing was family pride; he took fire immediately, and earnestly pressed his son to return as soon as possible. At the time of Mr. Hamilton's departure from Orkney, Mr. Mandeville wrote again; and so much alarmed him, that he was determined to keep the strictest watch over his son. On his arrival, he received him with rapture; but it was quickly turned into disdain and indignation, when he implored his consent to his union with Sibelia.



Edward was astonished to hear that his father knew any thing of the Thomsons ; and more so, that it should be to their prejudice ; he at last prevailed on him to shew him the letters he had received ; and had the happiness to convince him that they were false ; and procure his consent to his wishes. This occurred two months before Mr. Hamilton had it in his power to return to Orkney, and claim his bride ; but he wrote several letters to Sibelia, which were intercepted by Mr. Mandeville, and consigned to the flames.

In the mean time, Mr. Mandeville had not been idle ; he continued to introduce the rich and worthy, yet rather haughty, Mr. Fenton (the laird before-mentioned) to his niece ; and had the pleasure to find he was much struck with her beauty and artless manner : this was enough, and he immediately proposed their union ; which the young man as readily acceded to ; but delicately hinted, that he feared Miss Thomson's education had not been sufficiently attended to ; but observed, as she was very young, the fault was easily amended. " I confess," said he, " your niece has exquisite beauty ; and, I doubt not, an excellent heart ; I am indeed captivated ; but I should be the most miserable of men, if my wife were to occasion me to blush every time she opened her lips. My relations will expect me to place a model of perfection and refinement at the head of their family "

Mr. Mandeville shook his head : " Ah ! my dear Sir, you have heard what extravagant beings my poor sister and brother were ; I reduced my own fortune greatly in assisting them ; but it was to no purpose ; at last, these poor creatures were left to my care, without a penny to help themselves. I have no ostentatious views in mentioning it, but I have kept myself single entirely on their account. I have given my girl, to be sure, a plain, but virtuous education ; I could do no more without injuring her brother ; or trenching on the little fortune I have laid by for her."

"May I die, if you are not a worthy fellow. I would rather have your niece than the daughter of a king, who thought and acted less nobly. Let the expence of sending Miss Thomson to some genteel seminary for young ladies, give you no uneasiness; look on me as your banker; I already consider the young and lovely Sibelia as my own; particularly as you say that her heart is entirely disengaged; and that she looks on me with no unfavourable eye. But, for God's sake, Mr. Mandeville, never mention to her a word of what has passed between us; it would lessen that proper dignity she ought to have in herself."

Here this strange conversation ended. Mr. Mandeville sent his niece to London; and, instead of giving her the advantages which her generous lover intended, placed her at an obscure boarding-school, because the charges were low, and he knew the lady who conducted it, and could depend on her strictly watching Sibelia, and preventing her sending, or receiving, letters, until she had inspected them. No one was allowed to attend her but the housekeeper (a creature of his own), that there might be no possibility of Hamilton discovering her retreat. Although he had found means to convince Gilbert that Hamilton was a villain, and unworthy of Sibelia, and dazzled the young man's imagination with such an advantageous alliance for his sister; yet he trembled for the consequences, should they meet; and therefore sent him a few weeks to Zetland, to console himself for his sister's absence.

He had scarcely departed, when Hamilton arrived; but what a death-blow to his hopes! letters between Mr. Fenton and Sibelia were shewn to him, and the whole Orkneys rung with the intended union. At first, he insisted on being told where Sibelia was, and on seeing her; but this being denied, he resolved to go to Mr. Fenton himself. His pride checked him; in despair, he left the island; and hurrying home, again entered the navy, in the hope of soon getting rid of a hateful existence.

*(To be continued.)*

## ANECDOTES OF LOUIS XVI.

AFTER the bloodshed, havoc, and devastation of a more than twenty years' war in Europe, at first produced by an extraordinary convulsion in the political hemisphere of France, and afterwards continued by the ambition and contending interests of different nations and individuals; every thing appears to be fast reverting nearly to its former state; the reigning sovereign and the principal actors, therefore, who took part in the transactions of this critical juncture, and the peculiar traits by which they were distinguished, are now become subjects of more than ordinary interest; and, without referring to difference of political opinions, may with propriety be introduced to our readers.

TIMIDITY, beneficence, and modesty, were the three first characteristics which the Duke of Berry manifested when he became Dauphin of France. He repulsed flattery; he gave ear to the complaints of the unfortunate; he desired to know the particulars of their case; he took pleasure in observing the workmen who were employed at the castle, or in the gardens; and would frequently assist them in raising a heavy stone, or a beam, which they could not well manage.

Louis XVI. was severe and mistrustful towards the nobility of his court. He was not fond of the great. He discovered no taste for noisy pleasures, for balls, gaming, shows, pageantry, and still less for libertinism. He felt no attraction in royal authority, which was always burdensome to him. He was, however, much attached to the glory of his house; and dreaded the undertaking of any enterprise which might tarnish its lustre.

When Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he was about nineteen years and nine months old: he had then been married four years:

The only passion which Louis XVI. ever discovered was for the chase. This occupied his mind so much, that in the staircase leading to his small apartments at Versailles, were placed six paintings, which contained the representation of all his chases, both when he was dauphin and king: in these paintings were exhibited the number, the kind, and quality of the game which he had killed in each department of the chase, with the particulars of every month, every season, and every year of his reign.

The distribution of his small apartments was in the following manner: a saloon, ornamented with gilding, displayed the engravings of his reign which had been dedicated to him; the plans of the canals which he had constructed; a relieve of that of Burgundy; with plans of the cones and works of Cherbourg.

The apartment over the preceding contained his collection of charts, his spheres, globes, and geographical elaboratory. Here were the designs both of the charts which he had begun, and of those which he had finished. He was dexterous in the art of washing them. His memory in geography was prodigious.

Above was the apartment for turning and for joiners' work, furnished with curious instruments for these occupations. He inherited them from Louis XV. and employed himself with Duret in keeping them clean and bright.

In an upper story was the library of books, which had been published during his reign. The library of Louis XV. the prayer-books and manuscripts of Anne of Brittany, Francis I. the last of the Valois, Louis XIV. Louis XV. and the Dauphin, composed the grand hereditary library of the palace. Louis XVI. had placed separately, and in two cabinets which communicated with each other, the works of his own time. There was a complete collection of the editions of Didot, in vellum, each volume of which was inclosed in a case of morocco leather. He piqued himself on seeing the art of printing carried to the

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highest degree of perfection under his reign, by the brothers of that name. He had many English works, among which were the *Debates of the British Parliament*, in a number of volumes folio. Near to these was a manuscript history of all the projects of invasion formed against that island, particularly the project of Broglie, and other analogous plans. One of the presses in this cabinet was full of port-folios, containing papers relative to the House of Austria, marked with this inscription in his own hand—*Secret Papers of my Family respecting the House of Austria. Papers of my Family concerning the Houses of Stuart and Hanover.*

In an adjoining press were deposited papers relative to Russia. The most refined malice has published against Catherine II. and Paul I. some satirical works, which are sold in France as genuine histories. Louis XVI. had collected, and sealed with his small seal, the scandalous anecdotes relative to Catherine II. as well as the work of Rulhieres, to make sure, that the secret and licentious life of that princess, who excited the attention of her contemporaries, should not be divulged by his means.

Over the King's private library, there was a forge, two anvils, and a number of iron tools, with several common locks, all completed. There were also private locks, of which some were of copper, ornamented and gilt. It was here that the infamous Gamin, who afterwards accused the king of a design to poison him, and was rewarded for his calumny with a pension of twelve hundred livres, had taught him the art of making locks. The Queen, on seeing him with his hands all black, called him by no other name than "my god Vulcan."

Gamin, notwithstanding his total want of address, so managed the king, that he suffered himself to be treated in the manner of a common apprentice in a workshop by his master. Gamin had been the confidant of this prince in a multiplicity of important commissions. The king had sent him from Paris the *red book* in a packet; and

the part of this book which had been sealed in the time of the constituent assembly, remained in the same state in 1793. Gamin had concealed it in a sequestered place in the palace, inaccessible to the minutest research. He drew it out publicly from under the shelves of a private press. This anecdote would fully justify the inference, that Louis XVI. was in expectation of returning to his palace.

Gamin, in teaching his trade to Louis XVI. had used him with all the freedom and authority of a master.—“The king,” said this man, “was of an easy disposition, tolerant, timid, had a taste for whatever was curious, and a natural propensity to sleep. He was passionately fond of lock-making, and concealed himself from the Queen and the court, to hammer and polish things with me. In transporting his anvil and mine, without being discovered by any person, we were obliged to have recourse to a thousand stratagems, which it would be endless to recite.”

Over the forges and anvils of the King and of Gamin, was a belvedere, upon a platform covered with lead. Here, seated upon an easy chair, and his eyes assisted with a telescope of prodigious length, the king amused himself with observing what passed in the courts of Versailles, on the road to Paris, and in the gardens in the neighbourhood. He had contracted an attachment to Duret, who waited on him in his private apartments, sharpened his tools, wiped his anvil, pasted together his charts, and set his glasses and telescopes at the point adapted to the eyes of the king, who was near-sighted. This honest Duret, and all the domestics of the interior, never speak of their master but with regret, and even with tears in their eyes. Terror, however, or the hope of a pension, induced Gamin to accuse this prince of a crime of which he was incapable.

*(To be continued.)*

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REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

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*THE HISTORY of a CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW and her YOUNG FAMILY; by Mrs. Hofland. 4s. London, Newman and Co.*

AMONG the many Tales and Novels which are daily issuing from the Press, we feel satisfaction in noticing a little work which, tho' not entitled to be placed in the first rank of literary excellence, appears to us capable of exciting the interest, and improving the morals, of readers in general.

The story is simple and pathetic. A clergyman, Mr. Gardiner, resorts to the climate of Portugal "to ward off the effects of a disease at once the most hopeless and the most flattering with which human nature is afflicted." His complaint was, however, too deeply rooted to admit of cure; soon "the good man slept in peace." He leaves an affectionate widow with six children (the eldest not more than fifteen, and the youngest but just born) to lament his apparently irreparable loss. The widow, "from the disposal of her wordly property," raises between two and three hundred pounds: with this sum she settles in a neighbouring market-town; and makes gloves: here her eldest daughter, Maria, is put to a milliner; Sarah, who is termed "the lilly of the valley," lives with her mother; Elizabeth is *apprenticed* to a school; the eldest boy, George, is at first with the curate of the late Mr. Gardiner, and afterwards goes to his uncle; the next boy, William, lives with a farmer; and the youngest, Henry, with his mother. We pretend only to give the outline of the story; and shall therefore suffice ourselves with saying, that the young folks by their assiduity, attention, and good conduct, succeed in their respective situations. Mrs. Gardiner, with the assistance of good friends, surmounts difficulties; and



ultimately, by the death of a relation, obtains a handsome sum of money. The concluding chapter, according to custom, makes all parties as happy as their hearts can wish.

There is nothing very new in this story, the language is somewhat flat, and unenlivened with sallies of wit, or humour; the incidents are but little varied; yet the strain of morality which runs thro' the whole, and the pathetic scenes which are introduced, render it exemplary and affecting. The pathetic is evidently the fort of the Author; and the following is a favourable specimen of her powers.

"As they were returning from a short walk round the house, Mr. Wallington observed that the church had undergone many repairs, and in the course of the last spring, had been white-washed and beautified—'I would ask you,' said he, hesitatingly, 'to look at what we have done there, but I know not how far it would be agreeable, or, indeed, good for you.'

"Mrs. Gardiner, who had now greatly recovered the usual serenity of her mind, replied that she should like to look at the church; and putting her arm through the curate's, quietly resumed her walk.

"The curate led the way down the middle aisle, and pointed in silence to some improvements round the pulpit, to which as each eye glanced, it was bedimmed by a tear of fond remembrance; when little Henry, to whom all things were new, and who had made the circuit of the church, while the rest were slowly entering it, ran up to his mother, and seizing her hand with violent agitation, his eyes twinkling away a tear, while his heart throbbed with fond emotion, cried—'Come, mother, come; tell me, is not this my father, my own poor father, that I never saw?'

"Astonished at the strange address and perturbation of the child, Mrs. Gardiner turned pale as death, and her trembling limbs almost refused to obey his summons; but Mr. Wallington endeavoured to reassure her—'I see how it is,' he said; 'the child has found out a little memorial of our love, which I wished, yet was fearful you should see; I now find I ought to have told you myself.'



“ As he spoke, he gently led the way to the chancel, where the ready finger of Henry pointed out a neat tablet of white marble, the only monument that had ever adorned these humble walls, and on which, with trembling haste and pious curiosity, they traced the following lines :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
THE REVEREND GEORGE GARDINER,  
*Ob. May 10, 1793,*  
AND WAS INTERRED IN THE BURIAL-PLACE  
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN  
AT LISBON;  
BUT WHOSE VIRTUES AS A MAN,  
AND WHOSE PIETY  
AS A CHRISTIAN MINISTER,  
STILL LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PARISHIONERS,  
WHO HAVE  
ERECTED THIS MONUMENT  
AS AN HUMBLE PROOF OF THEIR LOVE,  
THEIR VENERATION, AND THEIR GRATITUDE.

“ As the widow perused these lines, every fibre of her heart vibrated with new and overwhelming sensations, and she sunk on her knees with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, apparently engaged in silent prayer; her daughters, clasped in each other's arms, at once seemed to lament over the separation of their parents, and to exult in their excellence; while the beauteous boy standing by his mother, wiped the tears from her cheeks with his little handkerchief, or kissed them away with his rosy lips, while with silent sorrow he evinced sensibility superior to his years. The curate supported the widow with his arm; his heart was engaged in fervent prayer with Heaven for her; but not a sound escaped the lips of any one.

“ To beings thus engaged, the lapse of time passed unperceived, for their intercourse was with objects of eternity; and they had been thus situated many minutes, when a stranger entered the church. He beheld the group; he read the inscription, and the scene explained itself. Struck with the sacred form of sorrow, thus awfully engaged, he advanced with silent reverence, as if anxious to partake that holy com-

munions of spirit in which the whole group evidently participated; and with chastened joy he beheld the countenance of the widow by degrees lose the sense of present pain in that of anticipated joy, in an eternal reunion with her lamented husband. He saw heavenly resignation, in her sweet daughters, blend with pious love, as, gently turning, they each endeavoured to assist her; but just at this moment the eyes of Sarah met the stranger's; she uttered a faint scream of surprise, which so alarmed her already-exhausted mother, that she would have fallen prostrate, if the stranger had not caught her in his arms.

"A distressing confusion was visible in the countenances of Maria and Mr. Wallington; but their anxiety to recover Mrs. Gardiner superseded every other concern; as they jointly conveyed her to a seat, she perceived herself in the arms of a stranger; but he wore a look of such genuine sensibility and pure benevolence, that her heart felt willing that he should be the partaker of its inmost confidence. Maria set them all at ease by the exclamation of—"Oh, Mr. Montgomery, at what an awful moment have you found us!"

"A moment," replied the young man, "for which I hope to be a wiser and a better man, to the latest of my existence."

At the same time that we give credit to the talents of the Author, we cannot compliment her upon much genius, or diversification of character. We in vain look for the *claro-obscuro*, if we may apply the term, which appears in the works of those admirable delineators of nature, Richardson and Goldsmith. The Dramatis Personæ of the piece are uniformly "good sort of people;" the widow and her children act upon virtuous principles; and succeed; but, after their being first left with little provision, they have no accidents, or bad characters, to encounter; on the contrary; friends rise up in emergencies, and every thing happens beyond hope. We do not mean to say, that this is strictly unnatural; but we do think it falls to the lot of very few. The moral is so far incomplete; it was not necessary that the good widow and her family should be assailed by all the contents of Pandora's Box; but surely if some portion of them had fallen

to their lot, the story would have been more natural, the interest more powerful, and the moral more impressive.

Whoever read Pamela but could apply to her what Orthello says of Desdemona's regard for him—

“ She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd.”

We take no ordinary interest in the character of a young woman who can maintain her virtue unblemished against the most artful attacks of the man she loves; and that man the son of her benefactress. We feel all her sufferings; we are astonished at her perseverance; and we trebly rejoice at her ultimate success; because we know she so eminently deserved it.

In giving these remarks, we wish not to be understood as condemning *The History of a Clergyman's Widow*; we are sensible of its defects; but we are disposed to allow it a full share of commendation. And, since Richardson can no longer supply us with a richly varied intellectual feast, we must not be fastidious at plain wholesome food when it falls in our way.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE

WAS opened on Tuesday night, September 20th, for the season, with the Comedy of *The Rivals*. After the performers had sung *God save the King*, MRS. EDWIN advanced, and delivered the following

#### ADDRESS,

*Written by S. J. ARNOLD, Esq.*

At length, War's desolating banner furl'd,  
Sweet Peace descends to bless the weary world!!  
Welcome, dear Stranger, from thy realms of bliss,  
*Too long* a Stranger, from all lands *but this!*  
To all but BRITAIN, round whose chalky sides  
Roll Ocean's subject, yet protecting tides!  
To *all*—but this our highly favour'd Isle,  
Where, 'midst surrounding War, thou still hast deign'd to smile!

Now parting tears are turn'd to joyous greetings,  
 " Now stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,"  
 Auspicious moment, hail ! when Peace restores  
 Joy to our hearts, and plenty to our shores !

Farewell ! a long farewell, to taxes—debts—  
 Farewell to glorious news ! farewell Gazettes !  
 Farewell the warrior's tale—tho' nobly sounded—  
 Farewell ! thank Heav'n ! to lists of kill'd and wounded.  
 Henceforth the *Historic* page alone shall tell  
 Who bravely conquer'd, or as bravely fell !  
 But still *that* page shall name with honest pride  
 Our cherish'd Heroes, who have fought and died !  
 Shall shew how well, on shore, or on the wave,  
 Our gallant Sailors, and our Soldiers brave,  
 Knew how Britannia's thunder should be hurl'd,  
 And Peace be gain'd by Vict'ry o'er the world !

England, be this thy just, thy noble boast !  
 The Exile still was welcome to thy coast !  
 Still 'mid the direst rage of War's alarms,  
 The Wanderer found safe shelter in thine arms !

And, if permitted, on our British parts  
 To praise those deeds which honour British hearts,  
 Be this our proudest !—to have stretch'd the hand  
 By *Freedom strengthen'd*, over Afric's land !  
 Still to have urg'd our stedfast right, to be  
 The *Foes of Slavery*, who *Ourselves are Free* !

Then hail, dear Peace ! thou generous nurse of arts,  
 Friend of the Muses—welcome to our hearts !  
 What time so fit—as when thy cheering ray  
 Darts, like the glorious beam of new-born day,  
 Thro' the long night of darkness and of storm,  
 To cheer and lighten every gloomy form—  
 What time so fit to dress each scenic muse  
 With brighter splendours, and with warmer hues !  
 To court the Arts to this their gay retreat,  
 And deck, with richer tints, their favour'd seat ?

For now, when Comic scenes possess the stage,  
 To mock its follies—if not mend the age—



No thought of distant friends who strive in war  
Shall damp *your* mirth, and all *our* efforts mar ;  
Now, when those efforts would your cares beguile,  
No smother'd sigh shall half repress the smile !  
Nor, as the Tragic Muse shall here rehearse  
Her well-wrought woe in mournful measur'd verse,  
When some lov'd Hero falls, or Patriot dies,  
No more shall kindred claims demand your sighs ;  
No more her sorrows to your hearts be known  
To make, by sympathy, her pangs your own.

Here then, with Hope elate, once more we come,  
And bid you, like our warriors, welcome *Home*.  
Long have we gladly labour'd in your cause—  
Long may this Dome re-echo your applause,  
For *such* reward, this brilliant temple grew ;  
Which now we dedicate to PEACE and YOU.

Alterations have been made in the interior of the Theatre: the circle of boxes is ornamented with the designs described—

On the dress circle a gilded lattice work on a light blue ground, with roses in the centre of each box, relieved by white in the intersections. The upper front of the canopy has an antique projecting scroll, in which blue is relieved by white and gold. The front of the box displays a gold vine foliage falling upon relieved flutings.

In the second tier there are a series of designs—1. Beginning on the right looking towards the stage—The first subject is a native offering made annually by the Romans for the eternity of their Empire, and the health of their Emperor and citizens. 2. A General, after obtaining advantages over the Parthians, is crowned by Victory. The Commander of the Parthians is on his knees surrendering and imploring his clemency; other captives are also brought in.—3. Bacchanalian subjects from the Elgin marbles, and the Townley marbles, and Terra Cottas in the British Museum.—4. A Nuptial Dance.—5. Bacchanalians. 6. Sacrifices of Iphigenia—Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, and other Greek heroes.—7. Enemies attacking the opposite parties when buried in sleep in the Temple, upset the altars; and deface the Statue of the God.—8. Mercury announcing to

Jupiter and Juno, seated on their thrones, that a sacrifice has been offered them.—9. Death of Meleager.—10. A funeral pomp. A young huntsman is carried by his relatives—his companions follow, with the hunting spears, dogs, and horns, to throw them in to the tomb with him.—11. Continuation of the same. He is here represented on a pile—women bewailing and tearing their hair; his wife killing herself near the pile. On the right stand the urn and the Priests, repeating three times "Farewell to the departing soul."—12. Subjects from the Elgin and Townley collections.—13. Ceremony of the Egyptian Goddess Isis: first is the Priestess, as Goddess, holding in one hand the Egyptian bucket, in the other the serpent, emblem of the healing Divinity—2d. Egyptian Priestess singing hymns in honour of the Goddess—3d. Chief Priestess carries a bucket full of water for the ceremony, denoting the fruitfulness of the Nile.—4th. Priestess shaking in one hand a timbrel, holding in the other a chalice for libations.—14. A Roman Marriage. One of the attendants is offering a dove, emblem of Love; a sheep is brought in, the offering of the husband; behind are women with garlands, Concord and Plenty.—The decoration of the third tier is a gold scroll work in relief, running from a centre ornament of the same description, on a blue ground, to the end of each side.

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## THE MIRROR OF FASHION FOR OCTOBER, 1814.

*Morning Dress.*—The kneeling Figure represents a MORNING DRESS, of fine Muslin, made high and very plain; the Sleeves long, and rather full. The Hair is not much dressed; and confined in front with a Plaiting of White Net. White Satin Shoes.

*Evening Dress.*—A short Dress, of White Sarsnet; with long Sleeves, and full Frills, fastened at the Wrist with small Buttons; the Body is composed of Lilac coloured Satin, made low on the Breast, with Riband of the same passed over the Shoulders, to form a Cross.—The Bottom of the Dress is trimmed with double rows of Satin Ribands, plaited very full, to correspond with the upper part of the Dress. Boots of the same colour.

For some time, Yellow, or White, Straw Bonnets have been preferred to Bonnets of Silk, or Crape; but at present the latter are more prevalent. The form is still the same; and there is but little variation in the colours; White, Rose, Green, and sometimes full Blue, are worn. Black Bonnets begin to appear; and will, in all likelihood, become fashionable.



C. Middleton & Co.

*London Dresses for October*

Published by J.W.H. Payne, October 13/74.

THE LANCET MONTHLY REVIEW

The first part of the review is devoted to a discussion of the state of the country at the present time. The author points out that the country is in a state of great distress, and that the people are suffering from the effects of the war. He then goes on to discuss the various causes of the war, and the measures which have been taken to bring it to a close. The second part of the review is devoted to a discussion of the state of the world at the present time. The author points out that the world is in a state of great distress, and that the people are suffering from the effects of the war. He then goes on to discuss the various causes of the war, and the measures which have been taken to bring it to a close.



with J. J. C. C.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

---

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
*MR. CHARLES DIBDIN.*

---

LIVES there a heart to truth and nature dear?  
Lives there a breast that native genius charms?  
Lives there a soul of sensibility,  
That virtue cherishes, or patriotism warms?  
That glows with friendship's sacred flame,  
That envies merit's well earn'd fame?  
Child of Simplicity,  
Or Danger's daring son,  
List to the sound that speaks your Dibdin's gone,  
That claims from genial sympathy a tear.  
Nor shall it be withheld for thee, who long  
Hast tun'd thy magic numbers to the soul,  
Who, in the vigour of thy manly song,  
Confin'dst the heart's warm pulse, obedient to controul.—  
A nation's sighs, a nation's tears shall throng  
Around the precinct of thy hallow'd bed,  
And humbler minstrelsy shall sweep along,  
A mournful requiem for thy spirit fled.

O'er minor worth to shed a parting grace,  
Or eulogy, or scroll, we oft discern,  
But vain the sculptor's proudest efforts trace  
The polish'd verse, or monumental urn;—  
The gilded cenotaph, the trophied bust,  
The pomp of heraldry, or tablet fair,  
Corroding Time will stamp to native dust,  
Or fling in scornful mockery to air.

But, DIBDIN! thy blest genius has uprear'd  
A splendid pile, for ages to adore;  
And be thy self-wrought monument rever'd,  
Till Chaos wakes again, and Time revolves no more.  
The muse shall oft thy grassy mound survey  
At even close;  
Around thy shade shall pore the plaintive lay;  
And, oh! perchance may envy thy repose.  
The aged vet'ran oft shall wander there,  
Bend o'er thy sod, and breathe the artless pray'r;  
Pure orison! may genial zephyrs bear  
On soft pellucid wing,  
To thee above,  
Such sighs that from fair virtue only spring,  
And consecrated love.

Hark! 'twas a wail from ocean's farthest cave;  
Why weep the sons of Neptune's hoary wave?  
Why o'er the dark blue seas steal mingled sighs?  
Why mourn the brave?  
Why do the passing trav'lers tearful eyes  
Survey thy grave?  
Alas! within that tenement of earth  
Sleeps nature's bard;—all hallow'd be the spot.  
Reader, if stranger to his manly worth,  
Profane it not;  
For sensibility once warm'd that clay  
With wit refin'd,  
With genius, taste, and ev'ry charm combin'd,  
That dignifies the soul, that elevates the mind:  
And, pilgrim, turn, the narrow cell survey;  
Nor scorn the tear that pity leaves behind.

Weep, weep, each jovial crew,  
"The flowing can" shall joyless tribute pour;  
The bard who erst, in peril's darksome hour\*,  
With soothing melody could nerve each fearless soul  
To meet unaw'd the deaf'ning thunders roll  
Of storm, or conflict,—wakes no more for you;

\* The elegant and just compliment paid to him by Sir Sydney Smith.

But him who oft,  
From valour's eye could call the tear,  
From lover's bosom draw the heartfelt sigh,  
Or bid a smile fate's clouded aspect cheer,  
"Is gone aloft."

Weep, weep, each martial band,  
"For he is gone" who once could cheer around,  
With merry glee, the clay-cold tented ground,  
Soothing the weary soldier's lot;  
"For he is gone," whose ever cheering song  
Could pastime's festive hour prolong;  
And charm alike the busy throng  
In camp or cot.

Sweet Bard! 'twas thine  
To clothe in virtue's simplest guise  
Each happy thought, each pleasing strain,  
Or laughter-loving mirth surprise,  
With humour's broad, resistless vein.  
Thy strains convivial oft shall wake  
The weary sportsman's drowsy nod;  
And fancy shall as oft forsake  
The sparkling glass, and vine-clad God,—  
As oft a sigh bedew the brim,  
As oft a tear salute the wine,  
Whilst mem'ry wanders back to him,  
Whose genius glow'd with forms divine.  
'Mid courtly scenes shall beauty's breast  
The sigh of fond regret bestow;  
Regret! a *world's* attends thy rest,  
That pillow'd *not* thy head in woe\*.  
Poor minstrel, it was thine to know  
What gen'rous† bosoms oft must learn,  
That world's rude taunt (ah! bitter throe),  
Which *now* embalms thy senseless urn.  
Vain obsequies! the cold unthankful earth  
Too oft receives the meed withheld from suff'ring worth.

\* His circumstances latterly, I believe, were too generally known; he has left a Wife and Daughter with nothing but the regret of his loss.

† His boundless liberality was proverbial.

Weep, weep, each jovial crew,  
 Each martial band revere his name,  
 Around his bed the mournful Cypress strew;  
 And o'er his sod inscribe a Bowling's\* fame.

DIBDIN! awhile from purer mansions rove  
 To grov'ling earth, where still thy virtues live;  
 And with the sighs affection deigns to give,  
 Accept the tears of friendship, and of love.

J. M. B.

\* The beautiful and pathetic Ballad, Tom Bowling. †

### "THE AUREA ÆTAS" OF TIBULLUS

TRANSLATED.

How blest were they who liv'd in Saturn's reign,  
 Long ere a road defac'd the smiling plain;  
 Before the pine had left its native wood,  
 To spread the sail upon the briny flood:  
 No sailor then had distant climes explor'd,  
 And his tall ship with foreign produce stor'd;  
 No yoke did then the vig'rous bull restrain;  
 Nor the fleet horse had known the curbing rein;  
 No bolts and bars secur'd the humble cot,  
 Nor stony fences mark'd each neighbour's lot;  
 The stately oak spontaneous honey bore,  
 And herds unask'd suppli'd their milky store;  
 No wars, nor martial hosts, did then demand  
 The murd'rous weapon from the artist's hand:  
 Now under Jove fell strifes and wars abound;  
 The sea, and many paths to death are found.



---

*STANZAS.*

Oh! I have felt such pangs within,  
Such hours of deep lament,  
When I have ponder'd o'er the sin  
That I have done, or meant,  
Could I have thought the grave below,  
That ends all mortal strife,  
Forbad the slumb'ring dust to know  
The scenes of future life,  
I would have plung'd, with eager joy,  
To that eternal sleep  
Where grief should never more annoy,  
Nor mem'ry learn to weep!  
But still as near the dreadful goal  
My panting wishes drew,  
A thousand horrors chill'd my soul,  
And scar'd my shudd'ring view;  
And still my spirit would misgive,  
And something seem to cry—  
'Tis better not be fit to live  
Than not be fit to die!

INFELIX.

---

*SONNET ON A ROSE-BUSH.*

UPON this stem a Rose in bloom,  
Full lately pleas'd mine eyes;  
But now those charms have met their doom,  
Their place a thorn supplies.  
Just emblem of the life of man,  
Of human joys and pains;  
The bloom of youth is but a span,  
The thorn of age remains.  
'Tis thus the beauteous fragrant Rose  
Blooms, fades, and is no more;  
But man, when mortal prospects close,  
Must tempt an unknown shore.  
Oh! may we there unvex'd by thorns remove,  
And bloom for ever in the realms of love.

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NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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DISTANCE precludes our receiving letters regularly from Miss D. P. CAMPBELL; but as soon as we have ascertained the success of her endeavours, the enquiry of "a Constant Reader" shall be satisfactorily answered; at present, it is with extreme regret we inform him, that the List of Subscribers obtained from the Readers of this publication is quite inadequate to defray even the expences of *printing* her Volume of POEMS.

The acquisition of a new and *unknown* Correspondent, who has favoured us with several communications of merit, is truly gratifying. The Author may be assured, that his writings will ever meet with the attention they are so justly entitled to.

We decline the insertion of Mr. J. M. L's last Poem;—it does not equal the pieces we have been accustomed to receive.

We recognise with pleasure the productions of several Correspondents who have for some time been silent; and trust they will not remit their efforts to enrich, enliven, and diversify the contents of a Miscellany which has so long been an object of their attachment.

We sincerely congratulate Mr. H. FINN on his perfect recovery from a severe illness. Our Readers, we are confident, will make every allowance for a temporary delay in the continuation of *The Child of the Battle*, occasioned by one of those contingencies upon which no human foresight can calculate. The parcel was received too late for the present month, and, we fear, must be reserved for next vol. As soon as received, no time shall be lost in publishing Mr. H. F.'s Poem.





*Joanna Southcott.*

*Published by J.W.H. Payne, Newmarket.*